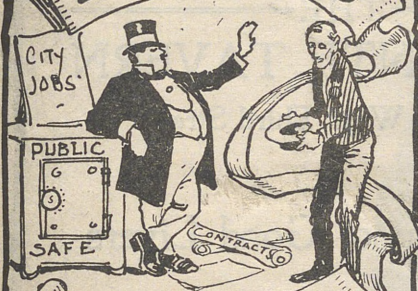


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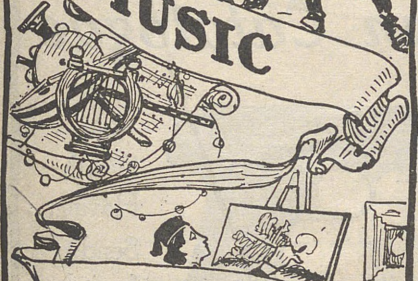
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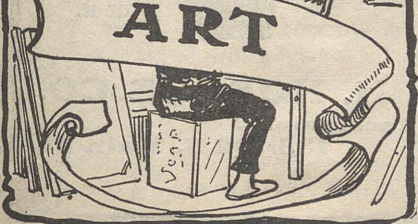
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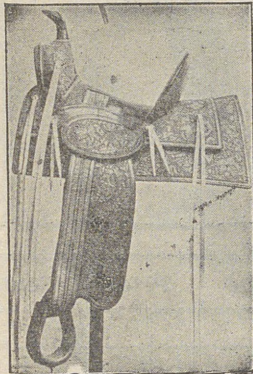
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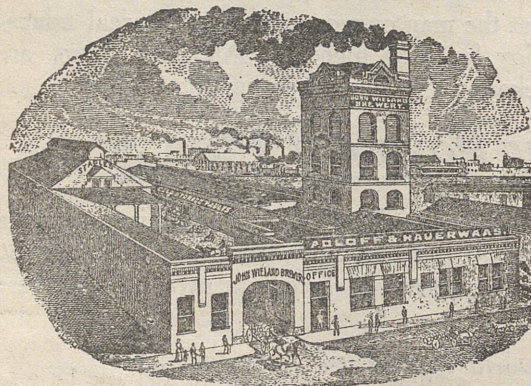
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Who's Who in Los Angeles.



Frank Wiggins

Within a few weeks our one and only Frank Wiggins, ambassador extraordinary for the City of the Angels, will have wound up his labors at Portland, and return to his home and his Chamber of Commerce desk. Less than a score of years ago Frank Wiggins, then a shadow of his present self—what a shadow it must have been!—forsook the place of his birth and business, Richmond, Indiana, and came to California in search of health. The virtues of sunshine and olive oil he soon discovered and

practiced. He has been preaching them ever since, for they made a new man of him. In Indiana he was in the harness business; here he soon got into harness himself for the everlasting good of the community.

Frank Wiggins and his "punch" are known all over the continent. He has exhibited them both at every exposition in this country for 15 years and both are universally voted incomparable.

His energy is inexhaustible; his bonhomie and his ability to make himself and Southern California

known and liked throughout the land are phenomenal.

Frank Wiggins is secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Except in Los Angeles, where there is a building, a board of directors and an exhibit, Frank Wiggins is the Chamber of Commerce.

He was born in Richmond, Indiana, about 55 years ago, of handsome parents, for Frank himself has a face and form which no one can pass on the street without a second look at him. His moustache rivals the California pumpkin in prodigious growth.

He is an ever-flowing source of information and good "copy" to newspapermen. The hungriest reporter can always get a "story" from "Frank;" the most subjectless editor can always find a theme by "calling up" Wiggins.

He is very much loved in this community, for which he has done great things. At Chicago, New Orleans, Buffalo, St. Louis and Portland, he has told it out among the nations that we have the best country on earth, the best products, the best prospects, the liveliest men and the loveliest women. Frank Wiggins is indispensable to this community.

"Quit You Like Men, Be Strong"

By Burt Estes Howard

It is becoming increasingly difficult to be honest in any walk of life. There may be room for argument as to the reason for this state of affairs, but there can be no dispute as to the fact of it. It meets us at every turn. Life, in these days, is a succession of moral crises. Each man of us who attempts to do business in any form, professional, commercial, even ecclesiastical, finds himself led into a wilderness to be tempted of the devil of Graft. The world is bitten with a desire to obtain wages without an equivalent in work, and to secure the prizes of life without fairly earning them. This charge can be laid at the door of no special class; all classes are tainted with it. Every man who truly wishes to conduct his affairs honestly and squarely must needs compete with swindlers and tricksters and thieves and liars. We are rapidly reaching a point in our private and public life where we must choose between personal and corporate integrity and national decay. It is not riches, but righteousness, that exalteth a nation. The immortality of any people depends on their fidelity to immortal principles.

We have grown sick at heart, then indignant, over the disclosures of graft and greed in numerous great corporate interests; our spirit has waxed hot within us as we have read of political rotteness and private corruption. The wave of moral revulsion that is sweeping over the country is a hopeful prophecy of better conditions. We are looking for remedies for the ills that our body politic is heir to. But we shall easily mislead ourselves in the search for that which shall cure our moral ailments. They lie too deep for legislative or social fads to eradicate them.

We Anglo-Saxons are noted for a great faith in law. Law is not constructive so much as it is restrictive. It does not define the moral equipment of any people, but merely marks the level below which the moral conduct of the people cannot fall and expect the support of the government. Laws can affect the forms in which our commercial and political life is uttered, but they cannot put a spirit at the heart of those forms. Social schemes and economic theories looking to legislation for their fulfillment may be in a measure efficient, but they cannot be sufficient. Socialism may create an economic Garden of Eden, but it cannot put a moral back-bone in Adam or render the Garden snake-proof. Righteousness cannot be legislated—it must be lived. Righteousness must become a personal habitude before it can become a social force. It is not social theories that we need but individual morals. Corporations, whether commercial or political, are simply forms in which the commercial and political life or-

ganizes itself. Corporations, commercial and political, are fictitious persons by courtesy of the law; the members composing these corporations are moral persons by the fact of life. Corporations, as such, are neither moral or immoral. They may furnish opportunity for the men who compose them to do moral or immoral things, but they cannot will apart from their members or the responsible agents of those members.

The Individual Unit.

What we need, then, is to get back of legislation and of socialism to the individual unit. The social and political status of any community is no worse than the social and political conscience of that community. The social and political conscience of any community is the resultant of the individual consciences of that community actively uttered in its affairs. The ultimate responsibility for evil conditions, whether social or political, does not lie in the forms in which the social or political life organizes itself, but in the individual integers who make up that particular community. It is absolutely idle to attempt to create a righteous society out of unrighteous men. The Almighty himself cannot make a good government out of bad citizens, or a strong government out of an apathetic people. Any work on the masses will fail without a prior work on the man. Improved conditions must be accompanied by improved character. The multifarious schemes for creating better relations between individuals and groups of individuals must be supplemented by the creation of better individuals to live in those relations. We may build a body but we cannot make a living soul to dwell in it. Given life, it will fashion a body for itself. We shall never have honest government or honest business methods till the people get over their personal dishonesty. The fault does not lie with the forms of society, but with the factors that compose society.

What we need most, then, is not better methods but better men. If there ever was a time when men were needed, not great men but good men, that time is now. If there ever was a day when life, both private and public, demanded the qualities that make for sane, clean, strong manhood, that day is today. No mere shifting of the social or political mechanism will heal the hurt of the nation. We cannot have fair business dealing or straight politics till our citizens are willing to put more conscience into their business and politics. We cannot eradicate the evils that infest our day, until we reach a point where we put a higher value on morals than on money; until we come to the point where we would

rather be righteous than rich, where we would rather be men than millionaires.

Real Values.

The call that rings out on the air these days is a call to play a man's full part in a world of men. This involves several things. It involves, in the first place, a higher standard of values than our age seems to be given to, and a different measure of success. We are living in an economic age, where thought is dominated by economic principles. We are striving for economic success. We are figuring up the values of things in economic terms. To the great bulk of men success in life means simply the accumulation of stuff. We are rating each other by the amount of material that we have heaped up outside ourselves. We are calling those our representative men who have shown the greatest skill in acquiring financial gain. Education has come to mean the qualifying of our youth to compete for economic ascendancy. Universities are seeking short cuts by which they may send their students forth into what they are pleased to call "practical life." So keen is our scent for the material that we grudge our boys and girls the time spent in developing the old humanities. We are teaching our young men that culture is secondary to cash, and we are in grave danger of dulling the edge of their moral sensibilities until they come to think that the chief thing in life is to get on, and the subordinate thing is to get honest.

If our times are to be saved, there must be a return to a philosophy of life based on righteousness and not on things. We must learn to estimate a man in terms of what he is, not in terms of what he has. We must recognize the fundamental principle that a man's worth cannot be properly measured by the amount of stuff that he has accumulated but by the amount of righteousness and truth and love that he has assimilated. We must come to know that the biggest and finest thing in God Almighty's world is a clean, white-souled, honest man, whether he sits upon a throne, wearing crowns and clothed in purple and fine linen, or walks bare-footed along life's dusty highways. We must get a new and divine vision of the dignity of our own manhood.

Must Strip Life Clean.

The call of the day is not to material success but to moral steadfastness. That which gives life its value is not its concrete deeds, but its fidelity to duty. It is said that it is impossible in these days to do business or engage in politics with absolute honesty and succeed as a merchant or as a factor in our public life. Whether this be true or no, this is certain: that it is impossible to do business or politics dishonestly and succeed as a man. If it be true that there is thus placed before every man of us the choice of moral failure or material success, then let us stand up in the strength of an honest heart and be counted among those "who dare to love their country and be poor."

Better, like Hector, in the field to die,
Than, like a perfumed Paris, turn and fly.

The time calls for a high and persistent moral courage. It is ours to say whether the call shall be in vain. It is ours to say, at least, whether our life shall be straight and clean and true. It is no easy task to stand fast for moral principle in an age snarled and tangled in moral obliquity. There is an old saying, which has been twisted into a theological dogma, that "without the shedding of blood there

is no remission of sins." Freed from its dogmatic husks there is a positive law of life bedded in the phrase, that no moral regeneration is effective that does not strip life clean to the very roots of it. Sinners may be forgiven, but sin must be killed. The first step toward the salvation of our social life is the moral triumph of the individual man over his own meanness. The victories that shall save the day will not be wrought out in the lime-light, but in the silent struggles of the soul where a man wrestles with himself, in the unmarked conquests of the "holy brave who died and made no sign." This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith. The man who believes enough in the ultimate success of righteousness to give himself to it with a fine fidelity, is a victor immortal, though he may never gain the shining heights toward which the hosts are pressing, but dies there with eyes filled with the smoke of battle and nostrils choked with the dust of warfare and lies, forgotten on the field while the conquering troops sweep on.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Oh, for strong minds to think through, with quiet
sanity, the problems that harry our age. Oh, for
strong hearts that are full of a fine high courage to
face a world of demagogues and grafters and force
them to be decent. Oh, for men great enough to fail
in a great cause, if need be, that the blood of the
faithful may become the seed of a new age. Oh, for
men with a spirit that waits not on majorities nor
settles questions of righteousness by show of hands,
but dares fight when the odds are hopeless rather
than betray the man's soul in him.

There is no escape by the river,
There is no flight left by the fen;
We are compassed about by the shiver
Of the night of their marching men.
Give a cheer!
For our hearts shall not give way.
Here's to a dark to-morrow
And here's to a brave to-day!

The tale of their hosts is countless,
And the tale of ours a score;
But the palm is naught to the dauntless,
And the cause is more and more.
Give a cheer!
We may die, but not give way.
Here's to a silent to-morrow
And here's to a stout to-day!

God has said, "Ye shall fail and perish;
But the thrill ye have felt to-night
I shall keep in my heart and cherish
When the worlds have passed in sight."
Give a cheer!
For the soul shall not give way.
Here's to a greater to-morrow
That is born of a great to-day.

Now the shame on the craven truckler
And the puling things that mope!
We've a rapture for our buckler
That outwears the wings of hope.
Give a cheer!
For our joy shall not give way.
Here's in the teeth of to-morrow
To the glory of to-day.

Square Men for Square Deals.

In the last resort, the question of public morals
resolves itself into the question of personal righteous-
ness. Social and political regeneration must be
built primarily on the scale of one. Moral rectitude

must be lodged first of all in the units composing society before it can govern the relations which subsist in society. We must have clean men if we want clean methods. We must have square men if we are to look for square deals. This is the great issue, men of today: not whether this or that particular theory of society or politics will shift the evils of the day, but whether you and I are men enough to live true lives, to organize a public conscience, to release into the affairs of our community and of our commonwealth forces that make for righteousness. We have come, as a people, to the parting of the ways. No nation can survive whose foundations are not laid in equity and virtue. Political and social corruption means national decay. Every man of us must rebuild the ramparts over against his own house. Salvation from civic wrongs can come only from the civic righteousness of the individual citizen. Revival of

business integrity can issue only from a newly sensitized conscience in the individual business man. Are we sufficient for these things?

The crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's
sands.

This day we fashion destiny, our web of fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down!

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets
came;

By the Future which awaits us; by all the hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of
the Past,

And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's free-
dom died,

Oh my people, oh my brothers! let us choose the righteous
side.

Virtues of the Ring

By Charles Eyton

Like every other pastime or sport that has been brought prominently before the public the Science of Boxing is very much maligned and misunderstood. And, at the outset of these remarks, I wish to make it clear that I am dealing with the Use, not the Abuse of boxing. No one more than I deprecates the degradation of what should be manly, healthful, physical and mental exercises into the occasional "butcher-play" to which we are treated, usually by unprincipled and mercenary promoters of professional Boxing Matches, who see nothing but the financial side of the science.

The ancient Greeks, who reached a rare perfection of physical and mental attainment, indulged in many varied athletic exercises. We may profitably take a lesson from them, especially at the present time when there is somewhat of an outcry about the physical deterioration of the men on whom we depend to recruit our army and navy.

Now there are two ways in which we must consider this question of boxing—from the professional and the amateur standpoints. Let us first regard professional boxing in its effect on character, both the characters of its supporters and of the boxers themselves. Perhaps the first indictment that an outsider (who, mind you, seldom or never witnesses

a contest, or informs himself as to its sciences) makes is that the exhibition has a harmful moral effect on all who participate in it.

In dealing with this count we might well go into a whole series of everyday human "exhibitions," from the sight of great commercial trusts fighting one another in utter disregard of the commonest rules of morality, and setting an unparallel example of subtle dishonesty to ordinary people, through personal contests for political power, for the purchase of franchises, for social supremacy, and so on, down to the street fight between ignorant men, who sadly batter each other because they have never learned to defend themselves cleanly and honorably. Beside these the average boxing contest, according to recognized rules, within definite limits, conducted as it is here in Los Angeles between two well trained professional boxers, thoroughly examined by a physician, is a good moral and physical lesson by which all may profit.

Apart from all this, however, anyone who knows "the game" would simply deny that its moral effects are bad. On the contrary, because of the rigid rules under which it is conducted, and the impossibility of breaking those rules without suffering disqualification, it is better than many forms of sport that give latitude for hidden dishonesty, or brutal excess. Of course there are many people who will gamble too much over the issue, who would encourage crooked dealing, who would do any of the things that show an unsavory aspect to the public; but these are people who would follow the same course of conduct anywhere, and in any line of sport, and it is illogical to blame professional boxing for their frailty.

The next indictment would probably be a charge of brutality, which I have already touched incidentally. Now most men some time or other have had to defend themselves in a fight, or to punish one of the many fools who think the world was made exclusively for themselves and that no one else has any rights therein. If they have never learned to box, the chances are that they get pretty badly hurt, or, on the other hand, hurt their opponent much more than is necessary. For it is an established fact that the man who has practised boxing, if forced to a fight (knowing how to do it he is hardly ever an aggressive individual; he leaves bluff to the bluffer)

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will punish less, and suffer less. His character has acquired a permanent self-control that tells him where to stop. So that the second count, in the face of experience, would also meet with denial.

From an amateur point of view it is sometimes said that boxing and kindred exercises are useless, a waste of time, and consequently exert a harmful effect on characters already too little anxious to make the most of life. In answer to this I would point out the physical, mental, and moral gains of any clean, fair, healthy sport which is not indulged in to excess. Physically, boxing obviously trains and moulds and develops the human form, making it a better instrument for the man's ordinary work, carrying its effects through the brain, up to his mental equipment. The latter is re-inforced by a new alertness, a capability to seize immediate points, and act upon them, a psychological insight into other people's moves, and the power of seeing all round the matter upon which he is engaged. To imagine that this mental training will go no further than the mere boxing contest is childish; it must prove a permanent acquirement of character—an acquirement that undoubtedly should be regarded as a valuable asset alike in family, communal, and national life. It would, in fact, be interesting to speculate how far the absence of exact, scientific physical training in all directions is responsible for the tremendous factor of inefficient persons to be met with in all countries, in all walks of life. Assuredly modern investigation is daily proving that there is a most intimate and pervasive connection between a man's physical condition and his thoughts and acts; that there is constant interaction between his physical and mental make-up. When we fully realize this we shall be a little more careful to insist, by means of proper exercises, that our blood shall circulate freely, that our livers and other organs shall healthily discharge their normal functions, and not do spasmodic, or sluggish work, communicating their inertia to the delicate grey matter of the brain. It is all a mere matter of common sense.

Then, beside the physical and mental gains, there is the moral gain mentioned in considering professional boxing. We can readily see how self-control is gained; also how hearty becomes the recognition of the right of others; how respect for an opponent is learned; how a vital knowledge of law and order is established; and so on through a number of moral qualities that we usually practise a little unwillingly.

Naughty, Naughty

She said that she couldn't climb fences,
But that was a city girl's yarn;
When she met the old cow she just hollered "Wow!"
And they found her astride of the barn.
—Houston Post.

Astride of a barn? Now what was her plan?
We can't form the slightest conjecture.
We wish you'd enlighten us, please, if you can,
On the style of that girl's architecture.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Hold your horses, you fellows may hit the wrong trail,
Just welting at one solar plexus;
Cut out the question of that young female—
What's the size of the barns down in Texas?
—New York Telegram.

"Are you going to entertain next winter?" "No," answered Mr. Cumrox; "we are going to keep on inviting a lot o' people to the house. But I don't expect that they'll be any more entertained than usual."

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Oh, Angeline a seamstress was;
Her needle and her thread
Were all she ever thought of, and
"A-hem!" was all she said.

By The Way

"Rather Righteous Than Rich."

I wish again to call attention to the uplifting articles—sermons, if you please—by Burt Estes Howard, which the **Graphic** has the privilege of printing. The discourse in this issue strikes at the fount of the political graft and commercial dishonesty which is poisoning the stream of American life. While we are all searching for panaceas in the abstract, Dr. Howard puts his finger on the responsibility of the individuality. "Socialism may create an economic Garden of Eden, but it cannot put a moral back-bone in Adam or render the Garden snake-proof. Righteousness cannot be legislated; it must be lived." And again, the forceful pastor of the Church of the Unity says: "We cannot eradicate the evils that infest our day until we reach a point where we put a higher value on morals than on money; until we come to the point where we would rather be righteous than rich, where we would rather be millionaires than men." Do not miss reading Dr. Howard's exhortation. "Sursum Corda."

A Priceless Possession.

An engineer by the name of Storrow, backed, I am told, by the White Brothers, a firm of contractors who are building the Yuma dam, has made an extraordinary proposal to the authorities concerning the Owens River undertaking. The Storrow-White plan should be given short shrift, about as much attention as that given to Oscar Lawler's "Eastern clients" who desired, a short time ago, to lease the city's water system. Behind this latest ingenuous proposition are again said to be "Eastern Capitalists," who, I am reliably informed, are not distant cousins from the principals of one or more of the local lighting and power companies. Owens River spells a good many other things for Los Angeles besides an abundant supply of water, and some of the public utility corporations have been on the anxious seat ever since the splendid scheme was unfolded.

Immediately after the election, voting the first issue of Owens River bonds, I pointed out the enormous, almost incalculable, value of the electric power that may be derived from the waters of this stream when harnessed to Los Angeles. I can now give some fresh figures which every taxpayer should digest for his own and the municipality's interest. I have no hesitation in saying that the Owens River power will be worth \$100,000,000 to the city, if properly directed and conserved. If the city acquires the rights to the whole river, which it should do, the Owens River will yield us 30,000 inches, or twice the amount controlled by existing options. Let us see what this means in electric power to Los Angeles. At Pacoima Creek there is a sheer fall of 1250 feet; between that point and the level at which the water will be distributed there is a fall of another 500 feet, while at Little Lake there is 500 feet more—a total of 2250 feet. Any engineer will figure out for you the enormous amount of net horse power that these falls of 30,000 inches of water would generate—about three times the amount of power that there is at present in Los Angeles, all told. The city could sell power far cheaper than it is sold today—the present average is from \$60 to \$75 per horsepower per an-

num—and could pay interest at 4 per cent on \$100,000,000.

The incalculable advantage of cheap water and power would be that it would attract the promoters of all sorts of industries and factories. We already have exceedingly cheap fuel. The city, indeed, would be in the position of offering subsidies for the establishment of manufacturies by providing them with cheap power. Thus this great municipal possession would be of enormous value not only on account of its immense earning power but by reason of its tempting attraction to captains of industry.

The City cannot afford to go into any kind or sort of partnership with private corporations in a priceless possession of this kind. Such partnerships would only mean continuous grievances and perpetual litigation. Our experience is that between municipal corporations and public utility corporations the latter usually manage to secure the long end and by manipulation of politics generally contrive to maintain it.

A few home truths, such as I have outlined above, need to be driven home to the people most vitally concerned—the taxpayers of the City of Los Angeles.

Eaton's Economy.

There was an interesting but hitherto unrecorded incident in the City Attorney's office last Monday afternoon when Fred Eaton faced the City Council and told them without mincing words that he was not going to "personally conduct" the honorable body to Owens River for beer and skittles. Ex-Mayor Eaton undertook to chaperon the City Council upon a straightforward business expedition, and when he was informed that the party would be swollen to twenty-four members, he rebelled. The Council proposed to appropriate \$3000 for the junket, thus making the third attempted appropriation of the kind for the honorable body's entertainment this season—Salt Lake City, Portland and Owens River. It was proposed to take seven newspapermen along—rickety councilmen are always anxious to "play in with" the reporters. Fred Eaton put his No. 11 shoe down very firmly and refused to be associated with any raid upon the city treasury. If the newspapers wanted representatives on the trip, there was no earthly reason why the city should pay their expenses. (Hear, Hear!) He refused to be responsible for more than the actual number of Councilmen and the necessary officials, including the consulting engineer, Frank Olmsted, and clerks. He could not guarantee accommodations—such as they were—for more than a baker's dozen at the outside; the rest would take care of themselves. Three thousand dollars was altogether more than was necessary or proper. With reluctance the Council cut down the appropriation to \$2500, which money will be placed in Mr. Eaton's hands as commissary general. With Fred Eaton as cicerone, taxpayers may rest assured that there will be no junketing features or frills. In fact I should not be at all surprised if Mr. Eaton were able to return a fat check to the City Treasurer after the expedition. In any event the Council will not find the trip any picnic, unless Houghton should get gay with his instruments. Houghton occasionally provides excellent entertainment as Summerland's court jester, but in the Council's serious business his undoubted brains are frequently and sadly unbalanced.

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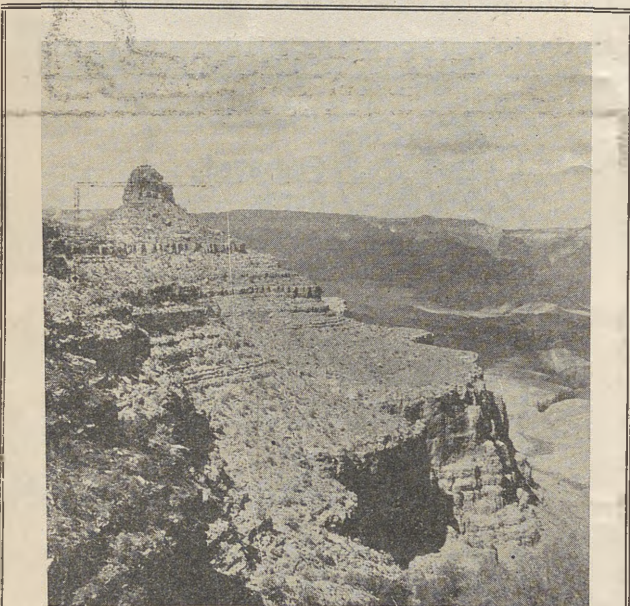
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Let Houghton Take a "Bawth."

Fernand Lungren, who has been attaining considerable magazine fame lately by his color impressions of Grand Canyon and his illustrations of Charlie Lummis's admirable articles in McClure's Magazine, has just returned from a trip to Owens River Valley. He was commissioned by an Eastern admirer of his work to paint a "cattle round-up", and at ex-Mayor Eaton's invitation he went two weeks ago to the Eaton-Rickey ranch where a band of 20,000 cattle was to be brought to the branding. The artist secured some most promising sketches. Furthermore he has some interesting experiences of Owens River. He crossed the river at Charley's Butte, where according to Councilman Houghton's authentic information, there are not more than 500 inches. Lungren says that there was sufficient water to souse his suit case and his ankles which reposed in a wagon. If Houghton can't swim, I would recommend a "bawth" for him at Charley's Butte.

McAleer's Opportunity.

I congratulate Mayor McAleer on demonstrating that he could be neither Mesmerized nor Otisized, neither cajoled nor coerced, over the city hall site. His veto was manly and straightforward, an echo of the former McAleer that I used to know and admire before he embarked in the bewildering and muddy sea of personally ambitious politics. Now that Owen McAleer has decided on his future career, to resume the business he never should have left, and I presume, has now abandoned any illusions of continued political preferment, I have some, if faint, hope that he may distinguish the latter half of his administration by firmness and disinterestedness. Many important problems are bound to rise before him during the next fourteen months, not the least of which is the appointment of a Board of Public Works, the business-like method of transacting the city's business which was enacted by order of an enlightened people. If the Mayor will determine, simply and solely to base his selection of three men upon their qualifications of experience and ability, the Council will not dare to thwart him simply for the sake of "handing him one." Of his original nominees one, Mr. E. T. Perkins, a civil engineer of repute in the U. S. government's service, is eminently eligible. The Mayor should stick to Perkins under all trials and the people will uphold his selection.

At the Trask Banquet.

Post-prandial oratory is apt to be ineffably irksome. Of a dozen after-dinner speeches the average is less than one worth listening to. Los Angeles is a stronghold of banquet orators. Some of our rising young men would rather speak than eat and have achieved considerable kudos from the exuberance of their verbosity which so frequently intoxicates themselves and depresses those who are coerced to listen to them. The Trask banquet last week was a notable exception to the prevailing rule in that it provided a number of exceptionally good speeches. The Sophomore School of Oratory was conspicuous by its absence. Neither the Parnassus-scaling Oscar Lawler, who has lately been elected grand orator of the grand lodge of Masons in California, nor the polished periods of John G. Mott, nor the ornate exhortations of Isadore B. Doekweiler, were on tap. But we had at least three speeches which were altogether admirable in their distinctive ways. The

mellifluous Tom Fitch, with his inexhaustible vein of poetic thought and masterly mill of expression enjoyed himself thoroughly beyond the time allotted to him. And we all enjoyed him, too. The Rev. "Bob" Burdette, as much at home on the press as in the pulpit, did not rise till nearly 1 a. m.; but his speech shimmered with quip and crank, a judicious mixture of playful satire and keen good-humor. The guest of the evening, Judge D. K. Trask, eschewed all rhetoric but covered a difficult situation on original and clever lines. The "baby-judge" of California, Judge Bledsoe, also spoke eloquently and enthusiastically, at a very late hour, on "Bench and Bar." Frank Dominguez, to whom much of the credit for the great success of this unique banquet was due, delivered a rhapsody on his native state, which for rhetoric and delivery was a masterpiece. The disappointment of the evening was George A. Knight, who enjoys a national reputation as a spell-binder, but the "next" senator from California was severely handicapped by being programmed to speak with the soup. George Knight depends mainly on the inspiration of the moment, and the consommé, however delicious, is not exactly conducive to "divine afflatus." Senator Flint said some very sensible things sensibly, but he tuned his voice to such an oratorical pitch that we hardly recognized "Our Frank." Gen. Shaffner of San Francisco so persistently turned our eyes heavenward that we wished him elsewhere. Byron Oliver, one of the young school of orators, who had been given the preference to Oscar Lawler, John G. Mott and Isadore Dockweiler, was somewhat ponderous for the occasion.

Lawler's Scruples.

Oscar Lawler was so disappointed that he was not selected by the program committee as one of the "spouters" that he foolishly wrote a letter declining to attend the banquet and giving his reason that he could not sit at the same table with two members of his profession who were to be conspicuous in the festivities. "The Bunch" are wondering if the bright young lawyer, who has been selected to fill the U. S. District Attorney's shoes, would have had the same scruples if he had been asked to respond to one of the toasts. The only trouble with some members of "the Bunch" is that "the Bunch" is a mutual admiration society.

Club Finance.

Social clubs in Los Angeles are not run on the principles that caused the foundation of such institutions and on the lines that should obtain for the general benefit of members. The club is simply the evolution of the idea which draws men of similar tastes and habits, intellectual and gastronomic, for mutual and co-operative advantage. The theory of a club is that you should get the best of everything at cost price, a maximum of comfort for a minimum of expense. In new communities it is natural that such institutions in their early careers should establish sinking funds for building and other purposes of permanent improvement. But in the case of a thoroughly established club the burden of debt for a permanent home should not be saddled upon a single generation of members. When the directors' principal object is to make money and to show "satisfactory" financial statements, the comfort of the members is bound to suffer. The principal clubs of Los Angeles are very prosperous and in many respects they are unequaled anywhere—certainly in magnificence. The



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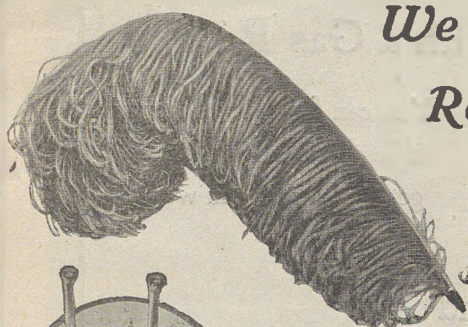
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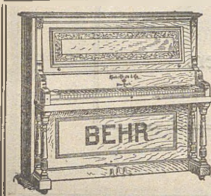
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Jonathan Club, I am told on excellent authority, is cleaning up \$3000 a month beyond expenses and fixed charges. The Jonathan Club's sumptuous entertainment of the Ellis Club last week was therefore a timely example.

"H. E." At Home.

Mr. H. E. Huntington's resignation from the Pacific Union, the premier club of San Francisco, has caused much speculation in the Northern metropolis, some of the clubmen professing to believe that there must be some mysterious reason for his severance of a connection which he has kept, although he has not used it, for many years. Mr. Huntington's own reason, however, seems quite good enough. He says he is now a resident of Southern California and has no occasion to use the Pacific Union. "H. E." is president of the Jonathan Club, in which he has a very comfortable and artistically furnished suite of rooms, and frequently runs over to the California for a game of dominoes with one of his cronies. His only dissipations are dominoes, a very fine phonograph, and reading. In his rooms at the Jonathan Club he has perhaps the best selected private library in the city, consisting of about 5000 volumes, many of which are editions de luxe. In New York Mr. Huntington lives at the Metropolitan Club, where he also has an exceedingly fine library, including a Shakespeare folio which cost him \$12,000. He is an omnivorous reader, having, however, little use for most of the current "literature." At the Jonathan Club "H. E." possesses a very fine phonograph with a really wonderful collection of "records." He can turn on Melba, Gadske, Caruso, one of the de Reszkes, the Metropolitan Orchestra, the Royal Italian Band, Sousa, or Billy Van, to drown all memories of universal transfers or to act as an alarm in the morning. For the rest, "H. E.'s" tastes are exceedingly simple. Frugal in all appetites, except for hard work, he does not smoke and rarely touches alcoholic beverages.

William Winter and Today's Stage.

I publish with pleasure the subjoined letter which reached me too late for last week's issue. As I have said before, I have profound reverence for Mr. William Winter, not only as the foremost living critic of the drama but also as a true prophet of its destiny. I gladly stand corrected by Mr. Winter and regret exceedingly that I should have done him an injustice. Mr. Winter's letter is as follows:

Mentone, San Bernardino County, California,
October 25, 1905.

To the Editor of *The Graphic*:

I have received a copy of your paper, containing your remarks as to my lecture on "The Theatre and the Public", delivered in Los Angeles, October 13 and 18.

I am too old a man to care for either praise or censure, but I do care for justice; and your remarks are unjust.

You designate my discourse "a panegyric of the Past, with scant justice meted out to the Present"; and you say: "Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, and Blanche Bates are the only actresses of today he can commend, and Richard Mansfield stands alone in his favor among our living actors. Of latter-day playwrights he will have none at all."

My lecture contains these words: "It is essential to disclaim all purpose of disparaging the Present, in order to glorify the Past—of unjustly dispraising the contemporary theatre, in order to extol the theatre of earlier times. * * * There never has been warrant, and there is not warrant now, for proclamation of hopeless theatrical decline."

The following is a list of those actors, of the Present, whose names are mentioned in my address, and, in each case, mentioned with respect and warm commendation: Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, Blanche Bates, Mrs. Carter, Viola Allen, Charles Wyndham, Richard Mansfield, Frank Worthing, John Mason, Frederic Kerr, David Warfield (to whom I referred as "that rising and brilliant star of eccentric comedy"), John Hare, Edward S. Willard, and Edward Terry; and a special tribute was paid to Henry Irving, who died (October 13), almost at the hour when my lecture was delivered before the Friday Morning Club. Commendatory mention was also made of the independence, courage, and energy of David Belasco, Harrison Grey Fiske, and Lee Shubert, as theatrical managers.

My address, delivered with the greatest rapidity that public speaking will allow, occupies one hour and forty minutes. It is impossible to include in it a complete history of the drama and a complete catalogue of meritorious plays and players. I have, in the proper place, been at pains to recognize and celebrate the excellence not only of Augustus Thomas's play "Arizona" (which you say I ought to praise), but of his more important play, "Alabama", and of his dramatization of "The Bonnie Brier Bush"; my review of the latter was considered by the late Kirke La Shelle, who produced the "Brier Bush", so important that he bought an entire 5000 copy edition of "The New York Tribune", in which it appeared, for special circulation. I have also cordially commended Captain Marshall's "Second In Command", and his "Killecrankie", as well as his "Royal Family"; and David Belasco's recent tragedies, "The Darling of the Gods", and "Adrea". In expressing his thanks for my recognition of those contemporary plays, Mr. Belasco took occasion to thank me, also, for the encouragement received from me, years ago, in the time of his "May Blossom". As there is no one more diligent than I am, in seeking for achievement worthy of praise, in the present time, I occasionally grow weary of being called a worshipper of the Past.

There are many "latter-day playwrights", as you call them, more important than those mentioned by you, who have received full recognition and support from me; for example, Henry Arthur Jones, author of "The Middleman", "The Silver King", "Judah", "Joseph Entangled", etc.; A. W. Pinero, who while degrading his talents with "Tanqueray", "Iris", and "Quex", has yet written, —in "The Magistrate", "The Cabinet Minister", "Sweet Lavender", and "Trelawny",—plays which it is a joy to remember and to praise; C. M. S. McClellan, whose "Leah Kleschna" is a fine example of construction; Sidney Grundy, author of "The Pair of Spectacles", and "A Fool's Paradise"; Comyns Carr, author of "King Arthur"; Wills, author of those great plays, "Faust", "Charles I.", and "Olivia"; and, above all, the most accomplished of living English dramatists, W. S. Gilbert.

As to Mr. Ibsen, I have not said that he "is all clinics and obstetrics". I have analyzed his representative plays, and have recognized his constructive ability,—such as it is,—while condemning his influence as pernicious, and his best known and most frequently acted plays as not only unclean, but dull. To that fourth-rate imitator of W. S. Gilbert, Mr. G. B. Shaw, I have given all the attention justified by the only two plays of any merit that he has written, "Arms and the Man", and "The Devil's Disciple".

You have designated my remarks on the Theatrical Trust as "a partially deserved arraignment" of that iniquitous monopoly. I live in New York. I have closely observed that combination, since it was formed. I know the character and conduct of the group of theatrical shop-keepers who compose that syndicate. I know that their organization has done great evil, and no good; and it would interest and instruct me to learn in what particular any of my statements as to the Trust are incorrect or undeserved.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM WINTER.

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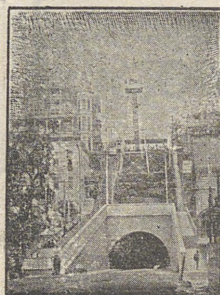
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Lesson for Husband Reformers.

Young and enterprising women who see in love and marriage an opportunity for a great and noble task in reforming men addicted to drink should read the story of Mrs. Edith Terry Purnell's plucky and patient battle to save her husband from the curse which pursued him. Fourteen months ago the love match between Edith Terry, one of the most famous beauties ever bred in old Kentucky, and Dr. Julius M. Purnell, U. S. A., was thought to be an ideally happy event. They were both natives of Louisville and had been playmates in their childhood. Miss Terry threw over Dr. Sayre Rodman, U. S. N., to whom she had been engaged for some time, because she discovered that she cared more for the army physician. Dr. Purnell eventually won his wife after two weeks' ardent courtship, and the happy pair started for the Philippines shortly after the wedding. Young Purnell, who is tall, fair and good-looking, had previously discovered he could not touch drink with discretion, and had 'sworn off' for six months before his marriage. Unhappily two nights after his wedding he fell among 'friends' in Chicago and awoke the next morning to find himself in the 'cooler.' But his wife forgave him. They loved each other ardently. He was penitent and she believed that their mutual devotion could overcome the demon.

Dr. Purnell's Escapades.

The young bridegroom's escapades on board the transport that took the Purnells from San Francisco to Manila were hair-raising. On one occasion, returning to his wife's state-room in the small hours after a debauch in the smoking room he became madly infuriated at disappointed protests. He drove her clad only in her night-dress onto the deck and then tried to set fire to the ship. There was only one thing to do, which the ship's officers promptly did: they put the doctor into irons and kept him incommunicado until sobriety and sanity had reappeared. No formal charges were brought against Purnell, the officers on board being anxious that Mrs. Purnell should be saved the humiliation of such exposure and being desirous that the young couple should be given a clean bill on their arrival in the Philippines. Shortly after reaching Manila, Purnell was ordered to the island of Cebu. Then, for weeks and months pretty Edith Terry Purnell suffered untold torments, suffered them until, broken in health and spirits, she believed her life was in danger. Purnell's behavior is said to have been so outrageous that even the indignation and wrath of the natives were stirred against him. After one drunken spree Purnell is alleged to have told his wife she needed the water-cure, and to have seized her by her fair hair and would have thrown her into a cesspool had not native neighbors, alarmed by the woman's screams, rushed to her rescue. The few hundred dollars of Mrs. Purnell's purse the husband had already sequestered, and she left him without a penny in her pocket. The sympathy of the American colony was so aroused for the wife and their indignation was so intense against the husband that a fund was promptly raised to advance the necessary money for Mrs. Purnell's passage home.

The Record's Editors.

That exceedingly lively evening sheet, known as the Record, which "Bob" Burdette in his humorous speech at the Trask banquet called "the organ of

the 400" has celebrated its tenth birthday, or thereabouts, by a general promotion of its staff, so that almost all its members are editors. Canfield is now editor-in-chief; Petterson has the dignity as well as the work of managing editor. Gourlay is city editor; Van Meter Lewis is news editor; Miss Price is social editor, and there are, I believe, two reporters. But then a powerful amount of editing and little writing is needed on the Record on a Friday afternoon, when, on an average, the space is overwhelmed by about 48 columns of advertisements to 8 of news. And despite the fact that the Record's mission is to "raise hell" and stir sensations, its influence in the community is not to be sneered at. Only occasionally the Record devourers—I am one myself—grumble a little at so scant an amount of news and so many bargains. But the Record has always been bent on stirring the animals up since its birth from the loins of an Oakland newspaperman named Burbank, who used to take particular delight in making life miserable for the builders of the Los Angeles-Pasadena electric road, then lately opened, and also for Chief Glass, at whom it threw barrels of very muddy ink. Then the Record passed into the control of Mr. Scripps, who has since made it a very profitable investment. In those days the prophets all declared that it was impossible for a one-cent paper to live on the Pacific Coast. The income of the Record for several years has been between ten and twenty thousand dollars. But in the early days the salaries paid to Record men were cruelly meager, barely enough to pay carfare. Paul Blades, now a prosperous real estate man, and a son-in-law of E. W. Scripps, directed its destinies. On one occasion its city editor and factotum fell ill with appendicitis. Although one of the most experienced newspapermen in the South he was enjoying the munificent salary of \$15 a week. In his absence a reporter persuaded the management he could do the work equally well for three dollars a week less, and the convalescent city editor returned to his desk to find it undersold. Things are very different nowadays, for which the growth of the city and the advent of the Examiner are mainly responsible. A good reporter today gets \$25 a week on any of the newspapers and in many instances well earns double that stipend. The palmiest days of the Record, saving only its very prosperous present, were when Tom Garrett, now publisher of the San Francisco Post, earned by his Johnsonian habit the title of the "Bishop of Broadway." Garrett introduced the "boulevard story" into local newspapers and made and unmade several reputations. He painted the glory of Guy Barham's pink pajamas in iridescent hues and he was the first to recognize the coming greatness of Frank Putnam Flint. He was also a great authority on the righteous use of the adverb, and a student and corrector of the stage. Wells Drury, now a Sacramento editor, succeeded Garrett. Drury was succeeded by the manager of the *Graphic*, and he in turn gave way to Wallace Wideman, a young attorney who lately incurred the displeasure of Judge B. N. Smith. Wideman's successor was Byron H. Canfield who for the last three years has flung the Record's banner every evening to the breeze.

High School Japanese.

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seventy-five Japanese students attending the High Schools of this city, but an edict has just been promulgated by which each Japanese must either pay \$7.50 per month to the City of Los Angeles or produce a certificate proving that he has become the ward of a duly appointed guardian, who must be a resident taxpayer. The latter procedure might seem easy, but young Japan in Los Angeles objects to surrendering its liberty to the custody of any individual. In the case that has been brought to my notice the Japanese boy, a bright lad of 18 years of age, has been a resident of Los Angeles for two years; he cannot afford to continue his schooling at \$7.50 a month and he does not propose to become the ward of any individual, who might summarily remove him from school and put him to work. There is no earthly right or reason that Los Angeles taxpayers, who already find it hard enough to support elaborate high schools, should stand the cost of educating young Japan, but the question is raised whether the authorities are discriminating against Japanese and permitting the children of other non-taxpayers to pursue their studies without any let or hindrance.

Mrs. Charles Melville's Paintings.

Bishop Johnson's study in the church-house of St. Paul's Pro-cathedral is a very interesting sanctum, the threshold of which I had never been fortunate enough to cross until one day this week. The Bishop has a large work-room, with a big "war-map" of his diocese covering almost one wall. The other walls bear, besides a working library and a workmanlike desk, exceedingly interesting paintings and etchings, for the Bishop is a patron and a keen critic of the arts. He has traveled widely and is a man of polished taste, whether passing his judgment on a prime Havana, an old master, an anthem, or a palimpsest. Over the Episcopal mantelpiece hangs a fine portrait of Bishop Kip, one of the handsomest men of his day. But my mission to the Bishop's office was to inspect two oil paintings which are the work of a talented Englishwoman, who has only lately recovered from a seven years' illness and has taken up her palette once more. While still a pupil of the famous academician, Frith, Mrs. Charles Melville painted one of these canvasses, a remarkably fine copy of a Sir Joshua Reynolds portrait, in which the artist's talent for "finding" color is admirably displayed. The second painting is a portrait of a young lady, which is not only said to be an excellent likeness but which is a fine example of management of color and other technic. I do not pose as an art critic, but I strongly advise my friends who know a good picture when they see it to seize the first opportunity to inspect Mrs. Melville's work.

George Steekel has just brought out a new wrinkle in photography that promises to have a great run in the immediate future. It is called dry etching on the plate process. The method makes the photograph appear like a combination of line and photograph work. As soon as the negative is taken and developed, the face of the photograph is covered and the operator works on the rest of the figure, the result being that the effect of the photograph is removed and a line drawing results. The process is the latest thing that has developed in photography and the resultant prints are much more dainty and "taking" than were the negatives untouched. Mr. Steekel has

shown these photographs to many of his friends and customers and without exception the verdict is favorable. Once seen this method is almost certain to be ordered. On account of the added work on the negative the cost is a trifle more than with photographs finished in the old way, but the subject is more than recompensed by the additional degree of satisfaction.

The Out-door Section of the Civic Association hopes to introduce into the curriculum of the city schools the study of gardening. In the garden contest conducted last summer by a bright woman of the Association, the interest of the children was very marked, and the results were most encouraging.

The dilemma of owning and yet not owning its club house has caused no end of perplexity in the Friday Morning Club, and the decision to give up all claim as a club upon the building was reached after repeated efforts to adjust matters. There has been adverse comment upon the fact that the Club House Association failed to make any effort towards co-operation in the proposed deal which would have placed the property in the hands of the club. When it was decided either to purchase this building or to erect another, the Association agreed to call a meeting and decide upon a price, but such meeting, so far as I have been able to learn, was not called, and when the club convened according to arrangement to hear from the Association, only one thing was left to do—drop the matter and seek a new site. A committee now has in hand this problem, and the probability is that the club will move further out, building a much larger auditorium than the one which it now occupies. The Association will rent or dispose of the present property, the transfer of which has only been made impossible because a very few stockholders, not members of the club, believe they will realize a higher price by retaining it longer.

The Ebells will be in their new club house next Monday. They were sensible in going away from the center of the city before their building had progressed far enough to render this impracticable, and it is probable that they will be able to enjoy their building for a number of years before it is either too small, or located too near the hurry and bustle of down town commerce, to render it undesirable for club purposes.

Brooks' New Venture

To My Friends:

I take pleasure in the announcement that I have purchased the retail cigar business formerly conducted by Mr. E. C. Dieter at 214 West Third Street, which I will conduct with the able assistance of Mr. Bert Mooser (formerly with Mr. Dieter), and Mr. Bert Chance, in a thoroughly first-class and up-to-date manner.

Having adopted the motto, "Quality Before Quantity," it will be my aim to please my friends and patrons by offering only the best possible values in Havana and Domestic Cigars.

Hoping to be favored with an early call that I may extend my personal greeting, I am

Respectfully,

J. W. BROOKS.

Los Angeles, Nov. 1, 1905.

California Furniture Co.

BROADWAY NEAR SEVENTH 639 TO 645



IF YOUR need is Furniture, Carpets, Wall Decorations or Draperies, the new store asks to have you stop a moment, there are acres of things here worth seeing.

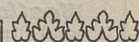
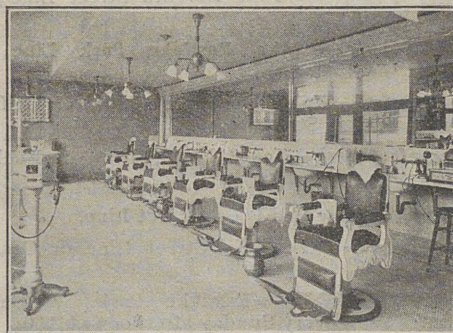
Our Drapery, Upholstery and Wall Decoration Section is a very attractive feature of the store and the service is of the highest possible character.

George Adair of the White Garage drove W. E. Hindley, a mining man from Mexico, to Santa Barbara the other day in a White steamer. They found the road rather dusty, but on the whole good.

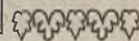
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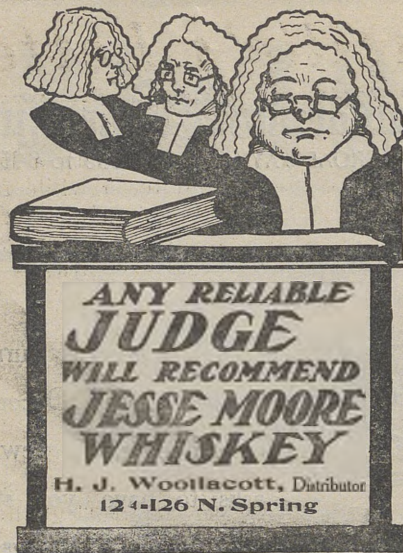
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California's finest vintages are selected and bottled for folks of discriminating tastes

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Eastern Races by Wire. All tracks where Racing
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Los Angeles Railway Co.

Reaches all
points of inter-
est in the City,
including the
beautiful City
Parks.

Westlake Park -- Take Seventh Street Line or Second Street Line.

Eastlake Park -- Take Eastlake Park Line of Downey Avenue Line.

Elysian Park -- Take Garvanza Line or Griffin Avenue Line on Spring Street.

Hollenbeck Park -- Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.

South Park -- Take San Pedro Street Line.

Chutes Park -- Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.

BAND CONCERTS -- Eastlake Park, Westlake Park and Chutes Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Seeing Los Angeles Observation Cars

provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of Today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

Tickets 50 Cents . No Half Fares

Cars start from Hotel Angelus Fourth and Spring Streets at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. daily, Sundays included. :: ::

Phone Main 900

Autos and Autoists

Just now the prospects seem excellent of a big run to Riverside during the present month. The roads between this city and Riverside are in excellent shape, and as autoists seem to be wanting something of the kind soon, there is reason to believe that their wish will be gratified. Dealers declare that they are ever ready to stand behind anything that will promote interest in automobiling.

Robert Atkinson, assistant manager of the White Garage, made a run to Riverside in a White steamer last Saturday with three passengers. They went in a 1906 car and came back to Los Angeles in two hours and fifty-five minutes.

"The run can easily be made in two hours and twenty minutes," said Mr. Atkinson, speaking of the trip. "The distance is sixty-six miles, and nearly every mile of the road is in good condition at present. In fact, the road is exceedingly good for this time of the year, and this condition ought to be taken advantage of by those who enjoy auto runs. There is considerable talk of a big run to Riverside, which probably would consume two days, a day being spent at Riverside to see the sights and have a good time. It will take two weeks to arrange the run, so it will probably be the third or fourth week of this month before the run is held.

"At this time of the year the tourist traffic isn't as heavy as it will be in a month or two, and if the event is to be a two days' affair the trip should be made soon. There is plenty of room now at the Hotel Glenwood, and I am sure that if a run were held this month it would prove one of the pleasantest and most successful events in the history of automobiling in Southern California.

"I think that at least fifty cars would be entered in the run to Riverside. Of course the cars would be divided into classes, and there would be prizes for winners in each class. You may say that the dealers are willing to put their good time and good money into such a scheme, and do all in their power to make this thing a success."

H. D. Ryus, manager of the White Garage, has gone East to order new 1906 cars for his shop. He will visit both the factory of the White Sewing Machine Company at Cleveland and the Olds Motor Works at Lansing, Mich. Already twenty-two cars have been sold of the new year's models, and so far nine have been delivered. Mr. Ryus expects to be able to deliver at least twenty cars before the holidays. Mr. Ryus has wired Mr. Atkinson from Lansing that he has secured the Oldsmobile agency for another year.

"We will not order any special number of Oldsmobiles," said Mr. Atkinson, "for we can always get all we need. We sell on the average a carload of Oldsmobiles every two weeks in the year."

E. Jr. Bennett of the Peerless Motor Car agency has received word from the Wayne factory that the Wayne cars for the coming year will be two four-cylinder cars, one of fifty horsepower and one of thirty-five, the regular Model C two cylinder twenty horsepower, and a fourteen horsepower two cylinder runabout. Mr. Bennett tells me that he expects about

fifty Waynes in the near future and that he has several orders ahead for 1906 cars.

W. K. Cowan has received eight 1906 Ramblers from the factory this week, and six of them were sold before their arrival.

J. A. Rosesteel is kept busy showing the new '06 Haynes at his place on South Broadway near Seventh.

E. Jr. Bennett has sold this week Wayne light touring cars to W. B. Young and H. S. Elsley and runabouts to A. Mahlstedt and H. M. Brown.

W. W. Hadley earned \$100 recently by driving a real estate investor in a White steamer to Santa Barbara during the night. The man had to get there before a certain hour next morning, as the option which he had on a large ranch was on the point of expiring. Hadley negotiated the trip in time for the man to close a \$200,000 deal, and got his reward forthwith.

Tourist
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Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Sts.

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Like to reduce the tire expense of your Automobile
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CHARGE and REPAIR DEPOT**

F. J. RICHARDS, Manager

Cars called for and delivered. Com-
petent drivers furnished on short notice

329-331 S. Los Angeles St.,

Los Angeles

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

I am going to begin this week with a lesson on economy and take your mind for a while from the vortex of gayety into which you've lately been plunged with all the weddings and showers and dinners, to which, of course, you have always sent acceptances.

Now, my dear, you know me. Of course nobody likes to dress better than I, but, honestly, I do like to know occasionally that I've found something that's a bit of a bargain. When it comes to buying gowns and cloaks and furs, of course, one has to have the very best going, but, if you only know the way Harriet, you can save galumptious sums on gloves and handkerchiefs and that sort of thing. The way leads to the bargain basement in the Ville de Paris. You know the Ville goods, more imported goods than domestic, and the very latest French effects in everything from a skirt binding to a back comb. They've lately inaugurated a basement as a receptacle for remnants of those dandy silks, for gloves, handkerchiefs in broken lines, lining silks, and any odd thing you may want. When you go to that establishment shopping, make a bee line for the basement before inspecting goods on the main floor. I saw some swaggy one-button derby gloves there, all shades, including white, for 79 cents! Think of it, Harriet—a saving of at least the price of another pair! They were bought by the firm from a German manufacturer and are really equal in texture and style to your best Dent. This bargain basement is built on the same lines as the great basements in Eastern establishments, and I tell you this one is going to be a hummer.

I was walking up Hill street near Second yesterday, pondering on what I should get for my morning shopping. And of their own sweet will my steps turned into the dearest place, so inviting with its generous doors and green carpet, and for an instant I had to rub my eyes to place myself. It was Coulter's suit room, which is second floor front and first floor back. It was just as easy! Well, of course I

NOVELTIES IN

Wool Dress Stuffs

Dozens of them, and many of the number unobtainable elsewhere. The first of everything especially elegant in dress goods finds fullest representation here. Some distinctly new fabrics from European and American looms are just being placed on our counters. Plain grays and gray mixtures, shadow checks, London Smoke, Elephant's Breath and other of the latest color effects, yet with all their richness their prices are modest—from a dollar a yard upward.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

225-227-229 SOUTH BROADWAY
224-226-228 SOUTH HILL STREET

could not withstand the whims of the fates so I told the salesgirl, a charming one, too, my thoughts. With a whisk and a turn she disappeared behind a mirrored door and came back with a fetching smile and fourteen suits of the most bewildering cut, style and color. "Now, what you want," said she, "is our very latest, it is called a 'trotting suit.'" Well, honey, it was just exactly what I wanted, and now when I rush in on you some morning don't bother me to tell you all about it. I'll write the description right now. To begin with, the skirts are the latest cut, circular with very little trimming except here and there a graceful pleat, and a little silk bolero. Mine is a black broadcloth skirt with a bolero and green and black silk. Of course, I chose a quiet shade, but they are to be had in green, blue, combined with plaid, amethyst, plum and all the prevailing shades. No two are alike, however, so you see that's one good point along with a hundred and ninety-nine others. I saw a little beauty, whose nuptials will be celebrated about the holidays, purchasing a dinner gown at this same establishment. It was a pinkish cream chiffon taffeta, combined with valenciennes taffeta and green and lavender silk. It was the dearest, Frenchiest thing I've seen yet. The bodice was of the silk all worked in a dainty embroidery. The bolero fastened in front over a valenciennes yoke with a cut steel and rhinestone button, while the girdle, and a frou frou up the side, was of the daintiest lavender and green. The skirt was made of a foundation of all-over val, onto which the silk was laid, the depth of a flounce in graduated bias folds. The upper part was of the silk and was cut circular and rather full. It was interlined with taffeta and chiffon.

There's one thing certain. None of Coulter's goods ever become shopworn. They are kept covered in rooms set apart for them and are under the constant surveillance of several boys who "keep stock" thus relieving the young saleswoman of such duties. I learned this when I went in to pick out a coat. There was one I persuaded the bride elect to purchase to wear with her taffeta gown. It was of pink broadcloth trimmed with brown velvet. It has to be seen, as Uncle Ned used to say, to be appreciated. My! but there is a sea of pretty coats, from broadcloth down to the latest in Renaissance lace.

Of course, you're to have a new mink boa this year. If you can get hubby to dig down in his jeans, you can get the very swellest and latest at Blackstone's. A mink goes so well with all the popular shades this year. They have every possible sort of a collar cut after the latest models from abroad, and

the skins include white fox, chinchilla, black martin, Hudson Bay sable, sable fox and anything else you have ever heard of. Personally I would choose either a Hudson Bay sable—oh, no, there's nothing 'tight' about me when it comes to buying furs—or a mink. The black martins are dandy styles too, and made in the same pattern as the more expensive furs.

I had a real treat at the Boston. I saw not only luxuries, but necessities there. They were in the form of lace robes and coats, the latest from the hands of the lace makers of Ireland and Belgium and France, and fashioned after Parisian models. These coats are unmounted—that is, they are not lined and are merely the skeletons in lace. But those people will be sorry they ever showed me them, for never again will I consent to wear a coat all lined and detracting from the exquisite designs of the lace. I saw one of these unlined affairs over a pink theater gown and it was a dream. The lace is the Irish crochet and that you know is quite heavy, and carries so much warmth, despite the meshes. The long coats were superb, but you, whose height is not that of Venus, would look better in one of the Etons, cut with dainty flowing sleeves. One I inspected was of baby Irish, into which were inlaid embroidered pieces of white baptiste. Then there were small dainty boleros to wear over princess gowns. They are shorter, of course, than the coats and are of point Lierre inset with dainty ribbon work, the sort which bear the foreign stamp before you see the label. As for robes, well, if I don't have one of those Point Lierre with spangles on and embroidered pink rose buds, and if Santa Claus does not shell out for an Irish crochet gown for me, I shall surely die—I know I will. When Mrs. X. gives her big ball about New Year's time I'll wager the swaggerest people in the place will be wearing the Boston's imported robes. They come in black and in white, while the spangled robes have dainty touches of pink and gold.

It seems just too selfish for me to tell you all about these things when George P. Taylor's smart haberdashery is just yawning with the latest "bath luxuries" for the male men as Samantha Allen used to say. These luxuries are sensible ones. They include bath mats, mittens, towels, slippers, robes, all made of the big swagger patterns, which arrest the eye of the average man, and they are good for ten years tubbing. Just think of that, they never fade or pull out of shape, for they are of the very best imported Turkish crash and the colors are all fast

Yours,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., November First.



Buy Christmas Books

now—while assortments are complete.

"The Cynic's Calendar for 1906"

"The Matrimonial Primer"

"Prosit"—The Toast Book, and all the other Paul Elder Series of clever books here.

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.,
315 South Broadway

W.E. Cummings
Shoe Co.
FOURTH AND BROADWAY.

BE PREPARED

when you come to our store, to see the finest line of fashionable footwear ever shown in this city,

Our Goods are all Good. Our Styles are all

New. Our Prices are all Low.

Ask to see our **SO-E-Z** (so easy to the foot) shoes. The best on the market for \$3.50 and \$4.00 a pair -:-

Members of the Maria Louise Society



Above the groupe of the children who assisted in last Saturday's fete is a portrait of little Alice Cline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cline, who is one of the moving spirits of the society.

Again the little members of the Maria Louise Society have scored a success socially as well as financially and a snug sum realized from Saturday's bazaar will be applied to the children's hospital fund where these little girls are aiming to endow a bed. It was one of the most artistically arranged affairs one could imagine, and everywhere were bright faces, dainty gowns, with multi-colored booths and attractions for a background. Mrs. W. B. Cline and her assistants worked assiduously with the youthful toilers, and their efforts were crowned with success. In a private theater, improvised in a carriage house, hundreds of little heads nodded in enthusiasm with Alice, the Alice of Wonderland, who in her dreams saw such wondrous sights. Then there were refreshment booths and confections and the filmiest of linen handkerchiefs, in fact everything to please the eye.

Inasmuch as the next great attraction at the Mason is "Ben Hur," the Loomis brothers have determined to open the main dining room of the Angelus on the first night of that event. The last time that the big room was opened was when Ethel Barrymore was here and the Angelus people were more than satisfied with their experiment. I was at the Angelus Grill last Monday evening and the place was crowded to its utmost capacity with the best people of Los Angeles. There is no place like the Grill for an after theater party and that this is so is fully

realized by theater patrons. I should advise all persons who wish to be sure of accommodations on the opening night of Ben Hur, to set the telephone in motion and consult the Loomis brothers.

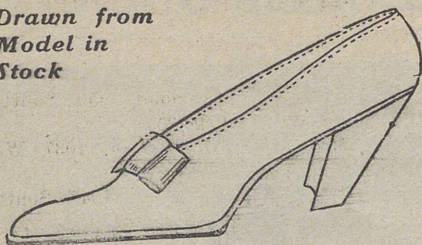
Next Wednesday evening at Cumnoek Hall the Alliance Francaise will present "The Bells," or, as it is known in French "Le Juif Polonais." In its endeavor to bring the best of French plays before the public, the Alliance Francaise has succeeded with its company of clever amateurs, and the production of this masterpiece promises a rare treat. The cast will be as follows:

Mathis	M. Parmentier
Docteur	M. Dye
Heinrich	M. Violé
Walter	M. Durnerin
Christian	M. Filhol
Catherine	Mme. Ledoux
Annette	Mme. de Clerbaux-Wilson
Lois	Miss Helene Levy
Messrs. Mazy freres, Rouseyrol, Andre-Mazy.	

The Alliance Francaise, now in its second year's work, is in a flourishing condition. It has a membership of 300, all enthusiastic in their study of French Literature. The Society was instigated by M. Jacquard-Auclair, and the officers are:

Mrs. A. J. Chandler, President.
Mrs. Jules Kauffman, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. Britte, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. P. A. Demens, Corresponding Secretary.
Mr. Frank Bonelle, Treasurer.
Mr. J. Auclair, Secretary.

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It may also be had in patent colt-skin, gun-metal kid, tan calfskin and white buckskin.

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Domestic Science, Music, Art, Physical Culture
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Anita Cream & Toilet Co.
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Robert Sharp & Son

FUNERAL DIRECTORS & EMBALMERS

Both Phones 1029

Isn't the horticultural exhibit which began yesterday at Blanchard Hall just the most delightful and artistic thing? The show is under the management of the Out-door Art League of the Civic Association. Many new social features are presented this year for the first time and a delicious lunch is served each noon. In addition to that, there are lemonade booths and a candy booth, while there is given each day a splendid musical program. Many society women are acting as patronesses. This evening the Schoolmasters Glee club will hold forth and tomorrow will be Spanish evening.

Another inveterate bachelor has at last capitulated in the person of the well known attorney, Clarence A. Miller, who is to be married about the middle of this month to Mrs. Barr of Oakland. A number of Mr. Miller's friends gave him a farewell dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ransom Leeds will leave shortly for an extended trip to the Eastern states, leaving their little son in the interim with Mrs. Leeds's mother, Mrs. J. J. Fay. On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Leeds entertained at a dinner in honor of one of New Orleans's most beautiful debutantes, Miss A. M. Brunswig. Other guests of the evening were Miss Louise MacFarland, Miss Louise Burke, Miss Bri Conroy, Miss Katherine Graves, Mr. Will Nevin, Mr. Charles Seyler, Mr. Walter Van Pelt, Mr. Gehrne Newlin, and Mr. Karl Klokke.

Miss Brunswig is one of the younger set of the many beautiful young women of New Orleans, and her beauty and attractive manners have not only created quite a stir in her native city, but in Los Angeles as well. She is a demi-blonde with pretty blue eyes, a fresh complexion and light brown hair. Miss Brunswig and her mother will spend their time here at the Hotel Coronado.

Mr. Charles Seyler and Mr. Winthrop Blackstone will leave Saturday for San Francisco, where the former will remain for a fortnight. Incidentally they will witness the football game together. The occasion is to be a celebration, however—the date of their departure I mean—since for some weeks past the two young bachelors have foresworn the weed. They have been bribed and coaxed by their hundred or two friends to break a pledge made many weeks ago to eschew smoking until November 4th. Resolute, however, in their stand and fortified by the presence of the honorable ladies of the W. C. T. U., they have kept solemnly by their vows.

Mrs. Chester Montgomery and Miss Adele Brodtbeck have issued invitations for a dancing party to be given next Tuesday evening at the Country club. The affair is given in honor of Miss Lelia Simonds.

Another bride-elect, busy with social functions, is pretty Miss Alice Gwynne. She has set the day for her marriage to Mr. Gillelen for December 7, and her large circle of friends are busy preparing dancing parties and teas in her honor. In honor of her sister, Mrs. Carroll Allen entertained at a delightful affair on Thursday evening.

Among the noted Eastern visitors at the Angelus this week is Frederick Strauss of the New York banking firm of J. & W. Seligman & Co.

Where Are They?

Mr. Arthur Braly has returned from New York.

Mr. James C. Drake has returned from the East.

Mrs. Alfred Solano of 2306 South Figueroa street has returned from Buffalo.

Mrs. R. H. Hay Chapman is visiting friends in Oakland and San Francisco.

this week. At last accounts they were traveling in Spain, having a most enjoyable trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Gay and Miss Gay of Crafton are visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Mossin returned this week from a two weeks' visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Albert Morton has had as her guest for the past week Mrs. Mary Laird of Berkeley.

Hon. and Mrs. Russell J. Waters left recently for a pleasure trip through the Southern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Lyon, who were married recently in Bellville, Ill., have arrived in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Garland of Boston have taken apartments at the Westminster for the winter.

Mrs. B. C. Fisher of 1443 West Twenty-seventh street has as her guest Miss Creigh of Sewickley, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Jevne and Miss Vera Jevne returned this week from spending the summer in Europe.

Dr. Garrett Newkirk of Pasadena had as his guest recently the well known sculptor, Lorado Taft of Chicago.

Col. Thomas Ewing, the Colorado river mining man, is here for a few days. He is a guest at the Angelus.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Fuller and family of Minneapolis have taken apartments at the Van Nuys for the winter.

Mrs. E. B. Wright and son, Gilbert Wright, have returned from a trip abroad, and are at home at the Coronado Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carr of Avenue 41, Casa Alta, have as their guest for a few weeks Miss Mary Worden of Tacoma.

Bishop Conaty, Rev. J. J. Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kays and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hampton were due to arrive in Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Davis and daughter of Texas have decided to remain here permanently and will make their home at 1329 Thirtieth street.

Mr. James McCoy, son of Dr. and Mrs. John C. McCoy of Barnard Park, left recently for St. Louis, where he goes to take a special course in dentistry.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hakes, who were recently married here, are spending a few weeks in San Francisco. On their return they will reside in San Diego.

Miss Isabel Paget, a New York beauty who has been visiting friends and relatives in Pasadena, has departed for her home, whence she will sail for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hutchinson and the latter's mother, Mrs. A. C. Chauvin, who have been visiting in San Francisco for some time, have returned.

Miss Mary Phelps, daughter of Mrs. I. W. Phelps of Ingraham street, has returned after a year's stay at the San Bernardino rancho near Douglas, Ariz.

Mrs. Edwin T. Earl of 2425 Wilshire Boulevard has returned from a two months' visit at Honolulu. Mrs. Earl was accompanied by her young son, Master Jarvis Earl.

Mrs. M. A. Bostwick of 442 West Adams street has leased her home for the winter to Mr. and Mrs. David Howell Jackson of Oakland. Miss Katherine Jackson is one of the beauties of the north.

Mrs. Grant Goucher of 1237 Magnolia avenue is expected home in a few days from San Francisco, where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Coe. The latter recently left for New York.

Gen. Archibald J. Sampson, United States Minister to Ecuador, accompanied by Mrs. Sampson, is spending a short time here. Gen. Sampson is enjoying a leave of absence after a residence of eight years in South America.

Mrs. Frank Garrett, who has been spending the past three months with relatives in Michigan and Kentucky, has returned to Los Angeles and will be at home on the first and second Mondays at 1427 South Bonnie Brae street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Horsfall and daughter, Miss Mary Horsfall, of 1137 West Seventeenth street, who have been traveling abroad for a year and a half are home. They returned on the Baltic, one of the largest steamers in the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence B. Burke have returned from their wedding tour and are staying with Mrs. Burke's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson, on Westlake avenue, until the completion of their home, 661 Wilshire Place. Mr. Burke will be at home Fridays in December.

Receptions, Etc.

October 28.—Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Silverwood, Hotel Lankershim; luncheon Jonathan Club.

October 28.—Mrs. John P. Jones, Miramar; musical and lecture.

October 28.—Mrs. C. C. Desmond, 950 South Alvarado street; children's Hallowe'en party.

October 28.—Mrs. Harry L. Hough, 1037 West Thirty-seventh street; handkerchief shower.

October 28.—Mrs. W. L. Graves, 1047 South Figueroa street; reception.

October 28.—Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Otis, Redondo; Hallowe'en party and dinner.

October 28.—Los Angeles Parlor, N. D. G. W.; dancing party Native Sons' Hall.

October 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simpson, 1032 Ingraham street; theater party.

October 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Trask; dinner at the Jonathan Club.

October 30.—Mrs. G. G. Mullins, and Miss Mary Mullins; for Monday Musical Club.

October 30.—Mrs. Margaret Hughes, St. James Park; reception.

October 30.—Miss Maude Reese Davies; card party.

October 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Glassell, Garvanza; card party.

October 30.—National Guardsmen of Los Angeles; military ball.

October 31.—Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Wheeler, Lenox avenue; Hallowe'en party.

October 31.—Mrs. Ben Goodrich, 1844 South Flower street; afternoon tea.

October 31.—Miss Mathilda A. Bartlett, 2400 West Adams street; dancing party.

October 31.—Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C.; Hallowe'en ball at Kramers.

October 31.—Ladies' Boyle Presbyterian Church; bazaar.

October 31.—St. Vincent's College Gymnasium, for St. Vincent's Alumni. Dancing.

November 2.—Rosemary Club; dance at Dobinson Auditorium.

November 2.—Pacific Lodge, Eastern Star; dance at Kramer's Hall.

November 1.—Miss Isabel Curl, 942 West Thirty-fifth street; afternoon for Miss Hough.

November 2.—Mrs. W. R. Matthews, 1754 West Twenty-fifth street; tea.

November 2.—Mrs. Alan C. Balch, Hotel Angelus; theater party.

November 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Mills Davies, 1432 Sunset Boulevard; informal reception.

November 3.—Jonathan Club; Ladies day.

Anastasia's Date Book

November 4.—Dance for Belmont Football team at Kramer's.

November 4.—Mrs. George A. Ralphs of Eleventh and Arapahoe street; reception afternoon.

November 6.—Mrs. Frank Hart of 620 Coronado street; card party.

November 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Fife, 1138 Magnolia avenue; for J. C. O. E. Club.

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November 7.—Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy; dance at Kramer's.

November 7.—Mrs. Chester Montgomery and Miss Adele Brodtbeck; dance at Country Club for Miss Leila Simonds.

November 10.—Dancing at Girls' Collegiate School.

November 10.—Philothea Club; dance at Kramer's.

November 11.—Coming-out party for daughters of Mrs. J. Lowe and Mrs. C. Seligman, of 845 Burlington Ave., at Woman's Club House.

November 14.—Independent Order B'nai B'rith; dance at Kramer's.

November 21.—East Gate Chapter, Eastern Star; dance at Kramer's.

November 23.—Los Angeles Business College; dance at Kramer's.

November 29.—Concordia Club's first party of the season.

Recent Weddings

October 28.—Miss Martha Pietz and Mr. Carl Weight, at Swedish Lutheran church.

October 29.—Miss Rose Louise Black, daughter of Mrs. Rosalie Black, to Mr. Jarvis Beech Price, at 2110 South Grand avenue.

November 2.—Miss Francesca Baker of Phoenix, Ariz., to Mr. John Page at bride's home, Phoenix.

Approaching Weddings

November 15.—Miss Mary Belle Lord, daughter of Mr. Edgar A. Lord of Chicago, to Mr. Prentiss L. Coonley, Grace Church, Chicago.

December 6.—Miss Alice Gwynne, daughter of Mrs. Joel B. Gwynne of 141 West Adams street, to Mr. Frank Gillilen, Christ Church.

Engagements.

Miss Carmen Hamilton to Mr. Bennett of Long Beach, Cal.

Miss Jane Dorsey, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Dorsey of Compton avenue and Thirty-eighth street, to Mr. William Richards.



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On the Stage and Off



Helen Eaton

Mrs. George Ridenbaugh, daughter of Ex-Mayor Eaton, who will make her stage debut at the Belasco next Monday evening

The daughter of Madge Carr Cooke has many of the amiable traits that distinguish the acting of her popular mother, and among these may be singled out a certain direct simplicity in her methods, and a clear bell tone in her enunciation. Miss Eleanor Robson is evidently a student and is doing her best to hold the mirror up to nature. She avoids theatrical tricks, and in a character like that of the household slavey, Mary Ann, she carries all before her because she is so very much in earnest and never for an instant shows a sign of self consciousness. "Merely Mary Ann," considered as a play is a very trashy composition, and with its revised finale should find its place very soon in the theatrical waste-basket. Nothing but the talent of Miss Robson saves it from perdition. But the public seemed to like it fairly well because it was "something different," which is the thing that the blasé theater-goer is always sighing for. Miss Robson's preparation entirely justifies the expectation that her time may soon be better employed than in assisting to illustrate the banalities of lodging house life in squalid surroundings.

The performance of Robert Browning's "In a Bal-

cony" on Wednesday afternoon was a revelation of Eleanor Robson's powers and the peculiar subtle charm of her delivery. Blank verse affords the best test of technical preparation on the part of an actor, and because the actor dreads to submit himself to this ordeal, he often tries to cover up his ignorance by affecting a so-called modern style of interpretation by means of which the poet's midnight musings and delicately turned phrases expressed in rhythmic cadence are converted into the barking of dogs and the chatter of parrots. Now and then the ear is gladdened by the sound of a controlled voice of resonant and melodious quality like that of Eleanor Robson who is admirably fitted by temperament and training to bring out the music of Browning's lines. She has a pure young face, a sensitive mouth, large eyes of wonderful expressiveness and a broad low brow indicating a clear intellectuality. As Constance in the Browning scene she showed a grasp of emotive power that was passionate without extravagance, full of refinement and yet yielding to a graceful abandon. The qualities were in evidence that go to make a Juliet, and it is not too much to predict, now that Miss Marlowe is on the downward path from her former high position, having surrendered her ideals in deference to senseless prejudice, that Eleanor Robson is the coming Juliet of the stage.

Miss Robson's articulation is particularly clear and her delivery nearly perfect. She should, however, get the correct pronunciation of such words as "direct" and "pedagogic."

The leading man, Mr. H. B. Warner, who is not at home in the farce, showed his training as a romantic actor in the character of Norbert. His declamatory powers are fairly good, though he is hampered by self consciousness and his voice lacks strength and clarity of tone. He has also a bad habit of using the expulsive breath with irritating frequency. A few lessons in stage make-up would go far to improve his facial appearance. For the rest he is a manly looking young fellow and reads with an intelligence that promises future good things. In the present dearth of young men upon the stage who have sufficient education and ability to deliver their lines with clear understanding Mr. Warner shines as a luminary of some importance.

Miss Ada Dwyer assumed the difficult role of the Queen very successfully although her delivery was marred by spasmodic breathing and there was a want of that refinement one would expect in a royal personage. Browning has made the character extremely difficult to impersonate and it is to the credit of this experienced actress that she grasped its possibilities so well.

"In a Balcony" is an incomplete poem not at all suited to the stage—the characters are but three in number and there is but one scene. When the curtain went down, the majority of the audience sat as if waiting for more, and yet the admirers of Browning were there by the score. The rapt attention of the auditors was perhaps the best tribute to the fine histrionic talents of the players.

"Secret Service" has been done here by its author, Gillette, and also by Tim Frawley. Now comes Galbraith and with the Belasco company gives another performance of the drama and it is all capitally rendered. Bernard as the stock villain is thoroughly realistic—and seems quite at home in his new surroundings. Miss Lawton is a heroine who in this

play suggests a study of Camille in the later stages. Virginia Brissac, the liveliest of ingenues, with the assistance of that boyish and impish Vivian keeps the audience in a thoroughly good humor.

"May Blossom" has been revived this week at Morosco's and it gives little Miss Hall the first opportunity she has had for some weeks of playing a simple role, that of a country-bred girl with no thoughts above her station. The girl is made by the author to do an amazing thing. She is happily married and bears a child, when along comes a former lover whom she had supposed was dead. She finds out that her husband made up the story of the lover's death, so she takes her baby and leaves her husband who goes away for six years, and having thus "done time" for his offence he comes back and is forgiven. David Belasco is charged with having made up this story, it being one of his early offenses. It has been likened to the story of Enoch Arden, perhaps because they have nothing in common. The piece is prettily staged and has a number of minor features of interest. Desmond and Ryder are excellent in their respective characters of husband and lover and Southard would make a good old man if he would only stop straining his vocal cords under the impression that he is producing a natural voice.

The bill at the Orpheum this week is very good.
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George Bernard's Shaw's luck is colossal. He needs no press agent. The New York dramatic critics, the Associated Press and Commissioner McAdoo have given him all the advertising needed. If he is destined to lose some royalties by Arnold Daly's enforced abandonment of playing "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the sales of the play in book form—as yet it is only published in "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant"—will be enormous. And the reading of the play will do no one the least harm. Minors will not understand its significance. Adults of both sexes may profit by comprehending its purpose. It is concerning the most unpleasant but the oldest profession in the world, which the efforts of the W. C. T. U. and other good but misguided people cannot extirpate. We all know about it but are ashamed to examine it. The stage is certainly not the place for such display. Far more immoral plays than "Mrs. Warren's Profession" are produced in this country every day. Compared with the unspeakable "Conquerors," the lascivious "Iris," and Pinero's "Dancing Doll" it is a Sunday School lesson.

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Mason—Our old friend "In Old Kentucky" reappears the first three nights of next week with a matinee on Wednesday. Its perennial success is phenomenal. "This piece," writes an enthusiastic press agent, "still breathes the fragrance of the green slopes of Kentucky, exudes the aroma of corn whiskey and depicts the inherent love of horseflesh possessed by every one in the blue grass state."

For the last half of the week, Andrew Mack, who has just returned from his Australian triumphs, will be seen in "Tom Moore." The Knights of Columbus will attend in a body on Thursday evening.

Morosco's Burbank—A big production of "Reaping the Harvest."

Belasco's—Melodrama will once more make way for farce, "The Gay Parisians" appearing on Monday night.

Grand—Carol Arden, last seen here as Bonita in "Arizona" a year ago, comes next week as the star in "Polly Primrose," a Southern play of the Civil War.

Orpheum—Next week's attractions include Twelve Broomstick Witches, whose witchery is the wile of beauty and nimble feet; Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper with their Darktown Circus; Raymond and Caverly, noted German Comedians and parodists; O'Brien and Buckley with their cyclone; Wireless Telegraphy demonstrations; the three Nevaros, equilibrists par excellence; Dean Edsdall and Arthur Forbes in the "Two Rubies;" Browning and Wally, aerialists, and new motion pictures.

The next musical event announced by Manager Behymer will be Mr. Watkin Mills's great English Concert Quintet party, coming to Simpson Auditorium for two concerts only, November 21st and 23rd. His party consists of Edith Kirkwood, soprano, from the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, London; Gertrude Lonsdale, the alto, also of the London Oratorio; Harold Wilde, a London tenor, and Edward Parlovits, solo pianist and accompanist.

In the Musical World

The Eames visit, with its resulting poignant disappointment in the prima donna and her work, has given rise to all manner of professional and amateur comment—some of it excellent in its way, some closely approximating the purely nonsensical in its grotesque mixturing of cause and effect.

One critic in particular, in passing the bitter cup to the hapless cantatrice, is at large pains to discover the sole cause of failure in the singer's supposed temperamental chilliness. The utter absurdity of any such contention is readily proved by the fact that Emma Eames found no difficulty in making an acknowledged place for herself among the most famous sopranos of the operatic sphere; and if she had temperament enough to set the world's pulses tingling in the days gone by it is somewhat difficult to understand how the tabasco and the pepper can have lost their hotness in these piping later times.

All this theorizing by unvocalized critics is simply silly. There is no milder word for it. Writers of this order know perfectly well that they have had no technical schooling in the voice and its uses. They must know fully as well that if a man insists on writing about things of which he is technically ignorant it is a foregone conclusion he will put out an awful farrago of irresponsible twiddle-twaddle.

Why do I not write authoritative articles on wireless telegraphy, painting, wines, beauty, bums, legal ethics, Satanic personality, stage morality and future punishment? Chiefly because I have more sense than to write myself down as suffering from that particular form of foolishness. I have ideas regarding some of these things—somewhat hazy ideas, it is true, but ideas all the same—but, not **knowing** anything positive about them, I leave them carefully to those who do. I wish untrained musical critics would exercise similar caution in dealing with matters which they cannot possibly understand.

I repeat that the one reason why Emma Eames fails, and must fail, to hold the rank which was properly accorded to her in her younger days, and which should be and could be still hers, is that her naturally beautiful voice has been Marchesically tucked and pinched into the brittle nasal region until all suavity and richness and lusciousness and sympathy have faded into thin air. One might as well expect to get a voluptuous cello tone from the tinkling cymbal as to press an emotional thrill through the feminine nose. We may, indeed, put the argument conversely, and it will work positively and inevitably both ways with equal certainty. Thus, were Eames one great throb of ecstatic emotion—and she is not deficient in emotion, I'll warrant you, despite all her splendid repose—she could not possibly convey any scintilla of it to her audiences through the vocal medium she now uses. Conversely, if Eames were to employ the exquisite natural quality which was once her priceless possession she could and would please almost immeasurably were she as cold as an icicle.

Cold? Bah! Unemotional? Stuff and nonsense! It is purely a question of present vocal usage—a usage utterly unnatural and altogether destestable, a usage which could easily be remedied even at this, the seeming eleventh hour of a beautiful woman's lifetime of otherwise beautiful work.

I stumbled the other day into an informal discussion with two well known professional gentlemen—the one a singing teacher, the other a teaching singer. The subject was not new; in fact, it is as old as the everlasting ills of most vocal training.

Should the teacher be himself a singer? Is the teaching singer the better teacher for being a singer? Is the non-singing teacher at a disadvantage? These were the questions, and I need scarcely say that we locked amicable horns from the start.

My singing friend contends that a teacher should be able to "show" both the desired quality and the method used to bring about that quality. In other words, the student should have a model from which to copy, a master to imitate—either parrotwise or as much more intelligently as he can manage to achieve.

Now, there might be something in this if our models were all they should be and if our masters were altogether worthy of imitation. But, seeing that I am finding everlasting fault with the models set up for us to copy, and considering that I look in vain for anything particularly worthy of imitation, I can scarcely be expected to concede much weight to these claimants for teaching glory.

If we are going into the business of copying models we are just as surely going to copy the faults and oddities and peculiarities as well as the good points—and God knows the average singer can squeeze more original concatenations into a five or six feet longitude than any other human that I wot of.

Let us make a test from the other side of the question. How many of the acknowledgedly great teachers are singers? How many of the ordinarily good teachers are singers? Are not all great teachers, or nearly all, non-singers?

But, you will say, most of them have been singers? Have they? Well, then, why the dickens are they not singing now? If their method is so good why has it broken down in their own case? And why isn't it just as likely to break down in your case, too? And, if it has broken down in their case, what the thackeray have they got to "show" the poor model-burdened pupil? Piff, paff, pouf!

No, no. Teaching, to my mind, can be and should be wrought through something higher and better than physical modeling or trickish imitation. There are other ways—intellectual, ideal, illustrative—and he is a mighty poor teacher who cannot through these means project into the mind of the student a full appreciation of the ideal tone-quality and its manner of achievement. And he is even more of an empty pretence if he cannot draw from the heart of the pupil the deep emotional interpretative meaning of the composer without having to resort to the arts of the model and the mimic.

Harold Bauer is the Kreisler of the piano—and tribute higher than this I know not how to pay to either man. There is the same sane outlook, the same frank manliness, the same contempt for effeminacy and affectation, the same sturdy bearing, the same

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prodigious breadth with never a touch of degenerate, vulgar bluster, the same liquid tenderness with the same virile spirit underneath and round about it, the same subtle sympathy with never a suspicion of filmy philandering.

A man, forsooth, who can play Chopin without either donning French lingerie or sucking the Chinaman's pipe, a man who can pack away the clouds of Chopinesque morbidity and leave his hearers their normal share of healthy masculinity, a man who can find simple beauty in Brahms, bold ugliness in Schumann, and untricky imitation in Alkan.

So much for general impressions—in which alone I care, as always, to indulge. The task of dissection I leave gladly to the daily pressists—and may the Lord have mercy on their detail! If Mr. Bauer played his Chopin Ballade a shade faster or slower than De Pachmann; if he over-accented some of his basic figures or made too much of his inner parts, I sincerely hope he will be properly punished either here or hereafter.

Suffice it to say that, O wonder of wonders, I thoroughly enjoyed even this my pet aversion, a piano recital, and went out with a cheerful mien and head erect—and not as one who was stealing away guiltily from a pink tea with legs girt about with flesh colored stockings and wrists bedecked with ruffles.

And this great thing did one sane pianist do to a stiffnecked unbeliever. Hoch der Bauer!

The statement that the veteran, Dudley Buck, had forsaken America and was to reside abroad is an absurdity. Mr. Buck has gone to Dresden and will visit other European cities, making, as it were, a long holiday trip and one which he feels is legitimately earned. There is no more loyal American citizen than Mr. Buck, and there was never on his part any idea of his acquiring permanent residence abroad.

This is a fair specimen of the flashy rubbish with which the Musical Leader and other unthinking journals seem to take an insane delight in sully both their pages and their intelligence.

In what possible sense is a man disloyal to his native country when he elects to live elsewhere? Does the Leader think that an Englishman is disloyal because he may happen to be resident in America? Does a lad become disloyal to the mother that bore him when he accepts shelter under the roof of a second mother? And is our loyalty really of such mushy fibre that we must either tie ourselves to sister's apron strings or yell our eternal staunchness from the family chimney-top for very fear of falling away?

Bah! The Leader and all the rest of the bugaboo tribe give me a great and exceeding sickness.

Take the Bauer article yet once again: for the first two words read "Watkin Mills," for the eighth word read "voice," read on to the end of the paragraph as if nothing had happened, and you have pictured to you the great trinity of noble, dignified artists—each great in his own sphere and in his own way.

It speaks something for true manhood that in these days, when pruriency and problem are flaunting themselves shamelessly on the stage and trickery and twang are degrading the concert platform, there are yet the strong and sturdy who will yield to us naught but the highest art, pure and undefiled, unscorched by the hot flame of unholy desire, untouched by cheap pretence, unwarped by the pettiness of popularity. And of such are Kreisler, Bauer and Mills.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

Local Notes

The following program will be given at the first concert of the Lott-Rogers series next Thursday evening in the Dobinson Auditorium:

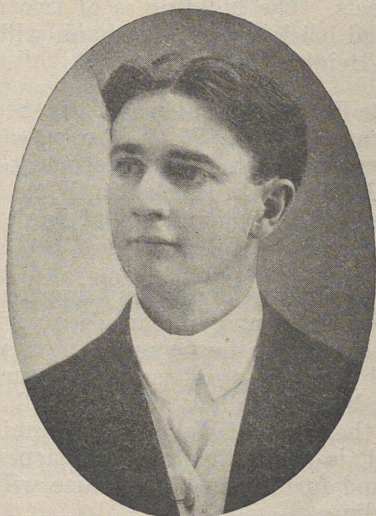
- I. (a) Under the greenwood tree.....Ogilvy
(b) By the lone sea shore.....Coleridge-Taylor
(c) Poor or rich.....Berger
- II. (a) I can but love thee.....Cornelius
(b) The surrender of the soul to everlasting loveCornelius
- III. Piano sonataGrieg
- IV. (a) Weary wind of the west.....Elgar
(b) Come, pretty wag, and sing.....Parry

A chorus of the following professional singers gives the above program under Mr. Wm. H. Lott's direction:

Mrs. Catherine Collette, Miss Maud Reese Davies, Mrs. Katherine K. Forrest, Mrs. Bessie Harrison, Mrs. C. G. Stivers, Miss Katherine Ebbert, Miss Estelle Heartt, Mrs. C. E. Richards, Miss Lillian Scanlon, Miss Helen Shields; Messrs. Aspinall, Gregg, Helder, Richards, Walker, Barnhart, Edson, Lott, Pfannkuchen, Shank and Steckel.

Miss Rogers will give the only instrumental number and it will be the only solo number given by her during the series.

Arend's Venice Band made its first Los Angeles appearance last Sunday at Westlake Park. Paul de Longpré's compositions were a feature of the concert, "The Tic Tac of the Mill," "The Departure of the Volunteers," and "Up San Juan Hill" being finely rendered and enthusiastically received. Chiafarelli has also decided to feature De Longpré's music and will give two of his compositions at the Chutes concert next Sunday evening. The versatile flower-painter is now spending his spare moments writing a play for William Desmond. Arend has reorganized his admirable orchestra and has a bookful of engagements for the coming season.



Arthur Hole

Arthur Hole, the talented young tenor of the Marquis Quartet, has decided to study for an operatic career. While the "Peggy from Paris" company was here Arthur Deacon, the director, heard Mr. Hole sing, and his judgment, coupled with that of several other directors, decided Mr. Hole to take this course. For the present he will continue his vocal work with Marquis Ellis and will take up stage work and dancing with George Spaulding of the Metropolitan Entertainment Bureau. Mr. Hole expects to devote another year to study before launching forth.

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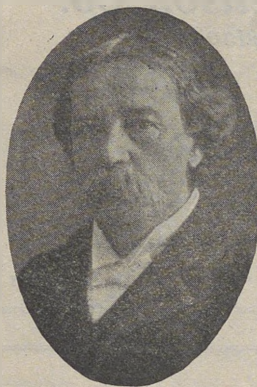
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Financial

What is without doubt the neatest and best prepared booklet yet issued by a savings bank in Southern California is the latest effort of the Security Savings Bank. An edition of 7500 booklets has been printed and this literature is being distributed with the object of increasing the number of accounts— which by the way now exceeds 20,000. The booklet shows page illustrations of the H. W. Hellman building, the entrance to the bank, the entrance to the safe deposit department, the women's reception room, the directors' room, the vaults and the cashier's office, as well as a two-page interior view of the entire bank. The reading matter gives all details about the bank, a description of the bank's plan for receiving deposits by mail and the operations of the loan department.

The Equitable Savings Bank is in its new quarters at First and Spring streets. The bank now has ample room and there is no better savings bank corner in Los Angeles. Next spring the bank building will be built up to eight stories high.

The Whittier Bank is to nationalize. The capital stock is also to be increased to \$50,000. Dr. J. Allen Osmun is president.

The branch of the Dollar Savings Bank and Trust Company of Los Angeles, located in the building east of the Odd Fellows' Block on Pico street, has removed to the two-story brick block completed by Mrs. Charles O. Pierce on the corner of Pico and El Molino streets. The building is of two stories and has a pressed brick front. The bank will be known as the Pico Heights Bank.

The State Bank of Inglewood has been started. C. H. Brown, president; W. G. Brown, cashier; Geo. Chaffey, vice-president. M. N. Newmark of Los Angeles. W. H. Neber, L. H. Martin, F. A. Zillgitt, W. H. Kelso and E. W. Spaulding of Inglewood form the remainder of the directorate.

It is expected that the new building for the Blochman Banking Company of San Diego will be completed so that it can be occupied next week. The vault, with burglar-proof safe for currency and specie, has been installed, and the hall decoration, which is in the hands of Hugo Bergarninni, an Argentinian artist, is about finished. Mission scenes predominate and furniture to harmonize will be placed in the building.

I. W. Hellman is a recent visitor to Los Angeles. He says that he is satisfied with conditions in San Francisco and here. He says business is excellent all over the country East and West, and seemingly on a solid foundation. He sees no signs at present of any slackening in any industry. The troubles in Europe if prolonged might affect us in the long run. But as things are now, America is largely independent of Europe, the West is quite independent of New York in all ordinary conditions, and the Pacific Coast is quite able to finance its own enterprises with the capital of its own people.

Application has been made to Comptroller Wm. B. Ridgley for a charter for the First National Bank of Azusa. The constitution of the present bank will be amended and the charter used for the new Azusa Savings Bank. The two banks will be conducted under the old management. It is the intention at an early date to move into more commodious quarters.

Bonds

The bids for the Water bonds of Los Angeles (\$1,500,000) are as follows:

E. H. Rollins & Sons and N. W. Harris & Co., entire issue, for par, accrued interest and a premium of \$15,913.

W. F. Botsford, three offers for \$100,000 each, at \$100,250, \$100,812.50 and \$100,062.50.

J. A. Graves, of the Farmers and Merchants' National bank, four offers for \$100,000 each, at \$100,125, \$100,312.50, \$101,000, \$100,875.

Isaias W. Hellman, three offers for \$100,000 each, at \$100,187.50, \$100,000 and \$100,750.

The \$100,000 bond issue which was voted at Santa Monica's special election October 31 was carried in its entirety, thus assuring many public improvements.

The City Trustees of Santa Ana have decided to call a bond election to vote upon \$60,000 for a municipal electric light plant, \$50,000 for a municipal gas plant and \$25,000 for improvements on streets and building a new bridge over Santiago creek. Total amount involved is \$135,000.

A bond issue of \$16,000 is proposed at Long Beach to protect the wharf property with bulkheads.

Fresno has voted \$175,000 in bonds for the improvement of the sewer system and \$75,000 for the new city hall.

Fifty thousand dollars for good roads and new bridges, was the final decision of the Board of Trade of San Bernardino—\$25,000 for bridges and \$25,000 for streets. This measure was adopted and now goes up to the city council. The Board of Trade favors a bond issue for \$50,000 for improvements.

Douglas, Ariz., needs a sewer system and the plans are drawn. \$65,000 is estimated cost of construction though this is by no means guaranteed. Some of the leaders argue that the city should issue bonds for the purpose, to the amount of \$100,000.

The City Trustees of Anaheim find that they cannot hold the election called for next month to vote on the bond issue of \$69,000 for local improvements, as a mistake was made in publishing the call. The next election will not be called until after January 1, 1905.

The Board of Trade of San Bernardino has indorsed a proposition for the issuance of a bond issue in the sum of \$50,000 by the city, one-half to be used in building bridges and the balance to start in street work in the way of building streets of silica shale.

The Board of Trustees of Santa Monica have passed a resolution of intention to pave Hart avenue with asphaltum from the ocean front sidewalk to the westerly line of the Los Angeles Pacific Railway. Bonds will be issued to cover the cost.

Ventura Supervisors are to be asked to authorize an issue of \$12,000 bonds for road and bridge building purposes.

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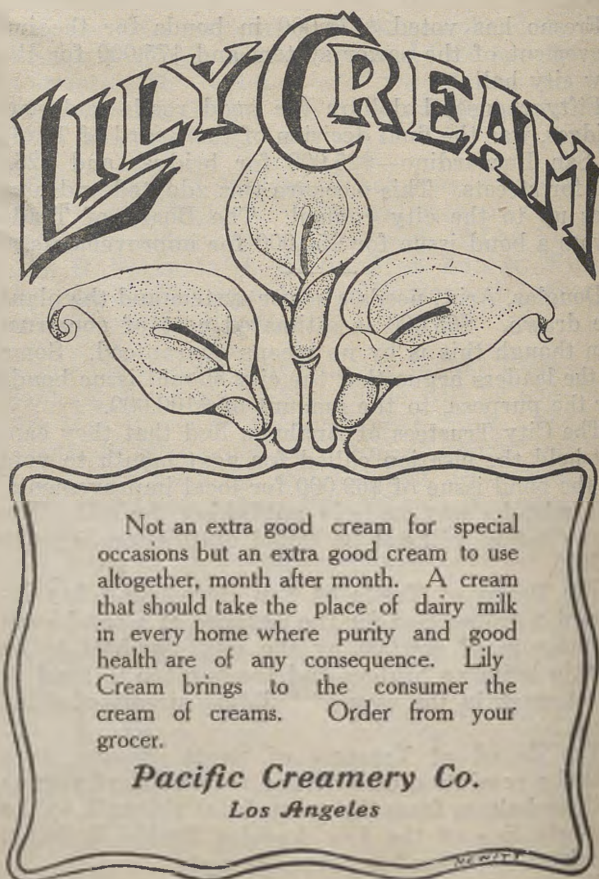
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